THE

Wounded Hussar,

A favorite Ballad,

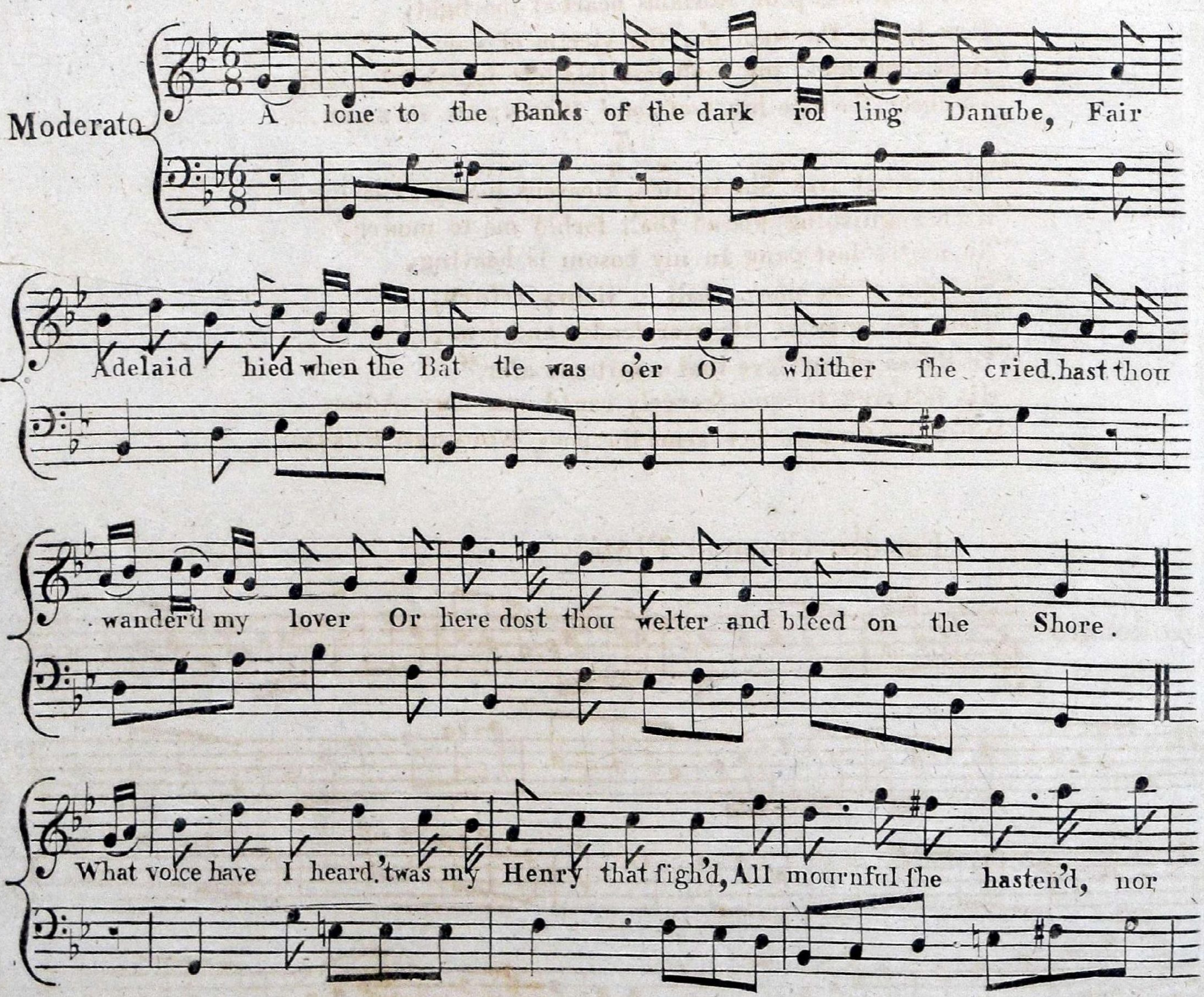
Written by T. Campbell Esq.r

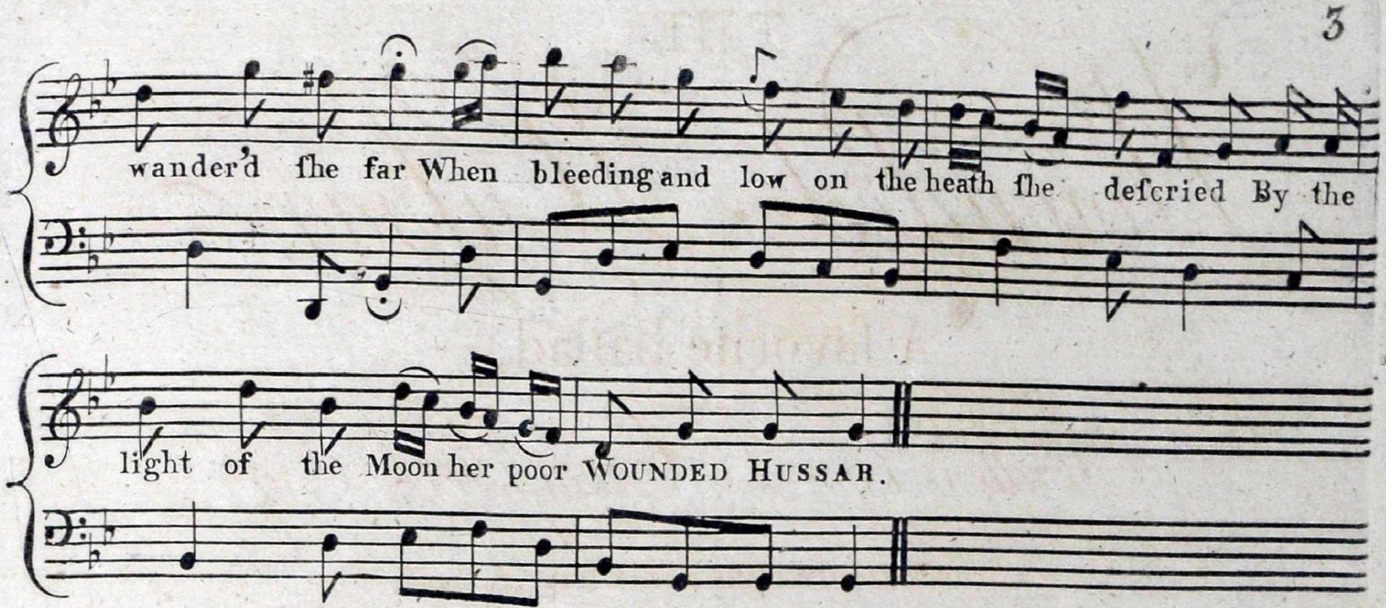
Author of the Pleasures of Hope, A Poem.

Sett to an Original Scottish Air.

Price 1.s

London, Printed by Longman, & C.o 131, Cheapside.





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From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was ſtreaming,
And pale was his Visage deep mark'd with a ſcar,
And dim was that eye, once expreſsively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in War;
How ſmit was poor Adelaids heart at the ſight,
How bitter ſhe wept o'er the victim of war:
"Hast thou come my fond love this last ſorrowful night,
"To cheer the lone heart of your WOUNDED HUSSAR.

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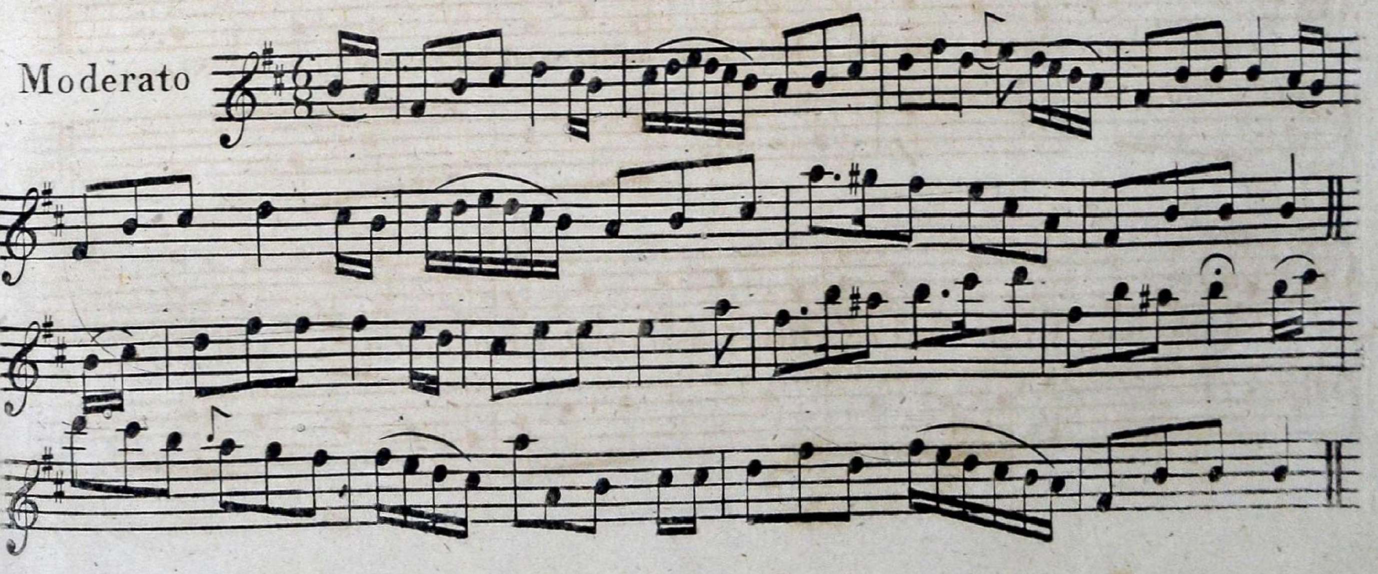
"Thou ſhalt live. "She replied, "Heavens mercy relieving,
"Each anguishing wound ſhall forbid me to mourn,"
"Ah, no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
"No light of the morn ſhall to Henry return;
"Thou charmer of life ever tender and true,
"Ye Babes of my love that await me afar."
His falt'ring tongue ſcarcely could murmur Adieu.
When he ſunk in her arms the poor WOUNDED HUSSAR.

For the German Flute.